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IRISH
MELODIES



Issie D. Giltner

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August 1/905

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IRISH MELODIES



IRISH MELODIES AND SONGS

BY

THOMAS MOORE



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

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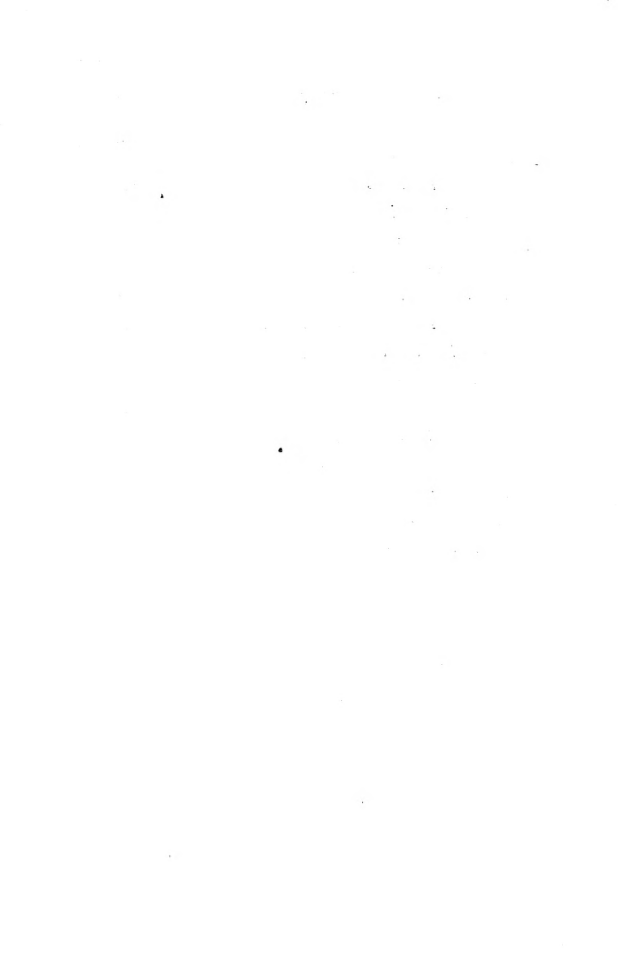
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IRISH MELODIES.



GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

GO where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest

By the star thou lovest,

Oh ! then remember me.

Think, when home returning,

Bright we've seen it burning,

Oh ! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,

When thine eye reposes

On its lingering roses,

Once so loved by thee,

Think of her who wove them,

Her who made thee love them,

Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,

Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh ! then remember me.

And, at night, when gazing,

On the gay hearth blazing,

Oh ! still remember me.

Then, should music, stealing

All the soul of feeling,

To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh ! then remember me.



War Song.

*REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN
THE BRAVE.**

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er ;
Though lost to Mononia, † and cold in the
grave,
He returns to Kinkora ‡ no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath
pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set ;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

* Brien Borohme, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The palace of Brien.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there ?
No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy
shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who
stood *

In the day of distress by our side ;

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance relating to the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. " Let stakes," they said, " be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." " Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops ; never was such another sight exhibited."—History of Ireland, book 12, chap. i.

While the moss of the valley grew red with
their blood,

They stirred not, but conquer'd and died.

That sun which now blesses our arms with his
light

Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ;—

Oh ! let him not blush when he leaves us to-
night,

To find that they fell there in vain.



*ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE
IN THINE EYES.*

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise.

Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace !



OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the
shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er
his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence
it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it
rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.



WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the
name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,

Oh ! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken
the fame

Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree ;

For Heaven can witness, though guilty to
them,

I have been but too faithful to thee.



With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love ;

Every thought of my reason was thine ;

In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above

Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall
live

The days of thy glory to see ;

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can
give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.



*THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS.*

THE harp that once through Tara's
halls

The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for
praise

Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright

The harp of Tara swells :
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.



FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet ; 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made :
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh ! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet ; the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,*

* Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here ?



*OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE
ALWAYS AS LIGHT.*

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you
now :
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-
night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my
brow.
No ;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment
adorns ;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the
flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the
thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy
awhile :

May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage
here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a
smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a
tear !

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven
knows !

If it were not with friendship and love inter-
twined ;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear
to my mind.

But they who have lovèd the fondest, the
purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream they
believed ;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship
securest

Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl ; while a relic of
truth

Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be
mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our
youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our
decline.



*THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF
ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.*

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow
I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin
to me ;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my
home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we
roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky
shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no
more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough
wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning
behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it
wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it
breathes ;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from
that hair.*

* " In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.



*RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS
SHE WORE.**

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

“ Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote :—“ The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—Warner’s History of Ireland, vol. i. book 10.

Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and golden
store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue
more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.



*AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE
WATERS MAY GLOW.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may
 glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness
 below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny
 smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the
 while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
 throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our
 woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can
 bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no
 sting:

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will
 stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's
 bright ray,
The beams of the warm sun play round it in
 vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not
 again.



*THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.**

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ; †

Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite
still.

* “ The Meeting of the Waters ” forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.



ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.*

“ OH ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see ;

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer :—

Cui præsul, quid fœminis
 Commune est cum monachis ?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.*, p. 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

And I have sworn this saïnted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

LADY.

"O Father ! send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows darl: ;
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer :
Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint !
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayers Senanus spurn'd :
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd ;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.



HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning
west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of
rest.



TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still ;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require ;
But oh ! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

•

Yet let me keep the book ;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home ;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet.
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.



THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear !
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.*
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,

* " In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—O'Halloran.

Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing
To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;
Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim.
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.



HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !

How oft has death united

Bright links that Glory wove,

Sweet bonds entwined by love !

Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;

Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;

Long may the fair and brave

Sigh o'er the hero's grave !

We're fallen upon gloomy days ! *

Star after star decays,

Every bright name that shed

Light o'er the land is fled.

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights !*
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung !†
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

* This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433 :—Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories !"

† Fox, "Ultimus Romanorum."



*WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS
WORLD.*

WE may roam through this world, like a child
at a feast,

Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the
rest ;

And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the
east,

We may order our wings, and be off to the
west ;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,

Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,

We never need leave our own green isle,

For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright
eyes.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Through this world, whether eastward or
westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,

Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept

By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd,
after all.

Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence

Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warns the touch, while winning the
sense,

Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Through this world, whether eastward or
westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,

Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets
sail

On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her
good-bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the
shore.

Then, remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Through this world, whether eastward or
westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,

Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.



EVELEEN'S BOWER

Oh ! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's
shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal
flame ;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway

When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the
moor ;

And many a deep print

On the white snow's tint

Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's
door.

The next sun's ray

Soon melted away

Every trace on the path where the false Lord
came ;

But there's a light above,

Which alone can remove

That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's
fame.



*LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS
OF OLD.*

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,*
Which he won from her proud invader ;
When her kings, with standard of green
unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ; †

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i., book 9.

† "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland ; long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy

Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining ;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.*

of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called, *Bron-bhearg*, or the house of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'Halloran's Introduction, &c., Part i., chap. 5.

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.*"—*Topogr. Hib.*, dist. ii. c. 9.

*THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.**

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,

Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely
daughter

Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,

Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?

When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,

Call my spirit from this stormy world?

* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations, from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love ?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?



COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points
of belief,

To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
'To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of
the schools.

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be
blue,

But, while they are fill'd from the same
bright bowl,

The fool that would quarrel for difference of
hue,

Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the
soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my
side

In the cause of mankind, if our creeds
agree ?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and
tried,

If he kneel not before the same altar with
me?

From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox
kiss?

No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like
this!



SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards
awoke

Into life and revenge from the conqueror's
chain.

O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of
the west ;

Give the light of your look to each sorrowing
spot,

Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of
Spain !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with
their rights

Give to country its charm, and to home its
delights,

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
'Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the
same.
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a
name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's
breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of
Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers
resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers
to find
That repose, which at home they had sigh'd
for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which
you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as
bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she
draws,

Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted
cause

Of the Shamrock of Erin and olive of
Spain !

God prosper the cause !—Oh, it cannot but
thrive,

While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to main-
tain.

Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will
die !

The finger of Glory shall point where they lie ;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their
grave

Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of
Spain !



*BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
 charms,

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
 arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,
'Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
 thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my
 heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine
 own,

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
 known,

To which time will but make thee more
dear ;
No, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he
sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he
rose.



ERIN, O ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's
holy fane,*

And burn'd through long ages of darkness
and storm,

Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in
vain,

Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and
warm,

Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit ap-
pears.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions:—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit sed quod tam solícite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, foveant et nutriunt ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald., Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern., dist. ii. c. 3†.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art
young,

Thy sun is but rising, when others are set :
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning
hath hung

The full noon of freedom shall beam round
thee yet.

Erin, O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest
shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the
wind,

The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold
hour,

Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young
flow'r. *

Thus Erin, O Erin ! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom
at last.

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh ! woman's heart was made
For Minstrel hands alone ;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, " Which might pass ? "
She answer'd, " He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do :

While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh ! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere ;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.



*OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD.**

OH ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the
bowers

Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at
Fame,

He was born for much more, and in happier
hours

His soul might have burn'd with a holier
flame ;

The string that now languishes loose o'er the
lyre,

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his " State of Ireland," and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's
dart ; *

And the lip, which now breathes but the song
of desire,

Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's
heart.

But, alas for his country !—her pride has gone
by,

And that spirit is broken, which never would
bend ;

O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,

For 'tis treason to love her, and death to
defend.

Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to
betray ;

* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following :—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—Lloyd's State Worthies, art. the Lord Grandison.

Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not
their sires ;
And the torch, that would light them through
dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their
country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft
dream
He should try to forget what he never can
heal ;
Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark
how he'll feel !
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay
down ;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his
crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover
his sword.

* See the Hymn attributed to Alcæus, 'Εν μυρτοῖς

But though glory be gone, and though hope
fade away,

Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in his
songs ;

Not even in the hour when his heart is most
gay,

Will he lose the remembrance of thee and
thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his
plains ;

The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the
deep,

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy
chains,

Shall pause at the song of their captive, and
weep !

κλάδι τὸ ξίφος φορῆρω—"I will carry my sword,
hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton,"
&c.



WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S
LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, *too* far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame ;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came ; *

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—Whiston's Theory, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, "Non mille quod absens."

Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone.
That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumed all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
“The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this;”^{*}
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in all the world for me.

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works :—“The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night flowers see but one moon.”

ILL OMENS,

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the
billow,

And stars in the heavens still lingering
shone,

Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her
pillow,

The last time she e'er was to press it
alone.

For the youth whom she treasured her heart
and her soul in,

Had promised to link the last tie before
noon ;

And when once the young heart of a maiden
is stolen,

The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman
ne'er misses,

Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's
kisses,*

Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to
rise—

“Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of
our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often
dies.”

While she stole through the garden, where
heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-
fallen dew ;
And a rose further on look'd so tempting and
glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it
too ;
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,

* An emblem of the soul.

Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease
was lost :

“ Ah ! this means,” said the girl (and she
sigh'd at its meaning),

“ That love is scarce worth the repose it
will cost ! ”



BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chain or freedom, death or life—
Oh ! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
But oh ! how bless'd they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,

When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might !

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then,
Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round ! *

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound—
But oh ! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep !

* “The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.”—Walker.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's
beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and
dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we
love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are
near ! *

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it go where it will, cannot flourish
alone,

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black ; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine in itself, and make closely its
own.

Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is
dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are
near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't
there :

And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly
alike,

They are both of them bright, but they're
changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can
strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different
hue !

Then oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is
dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are
near



*THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS
MISTRESS.**

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile
hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that
round me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure
love burn'd ;
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was
turn'd ;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt
free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me
more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert
wrong'd and scorn'd,

* Meaning allegorically the ancient Church of Ireland.

Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd ;

She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest
hid in caves,

Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas !
were slaves ;

Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would
rather be,

Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought
from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows
are frail—

Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had
look'd less pale.

They say too, so long thou hast worn those
lingering chains,

That deep in thy heart they have printed their
servile stains—

Oh ! foul is the slander—no chain could that
soul subdue—

Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth
too ! *

* “ Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is
liberty.”—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.



ON MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !
Wakening thoughts that long have slept !
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music ! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so
well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !



*IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS
MOMENT SHED.**

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er
him
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's
fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
him.
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died at Madeira.

For worth shall look fairer and truth more
bright,

When we think how he lived but to love
them.

And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume

Where buried saints are lying,

So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom

From the image he left there in dying !



THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake
now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often, at eve, through the bright
waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom
she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to
weep,
And in tears all the night, her gold tresses to
steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so
warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's
form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks
smiled the same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the
light frame ;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm
it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, uttering
melody's spell.

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath
been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad
tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond
lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief
when away !



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;

When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,

And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam,

But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream :

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,

When wild youth's past ;

Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,

To smile at last ;

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again,
On life's dull stream :
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.



*THE PRINCE'S DAY.**

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll
forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam
in showers :

There never were hearts if our rulers would let
them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than
ours.

But just when the chain
Has ceasèd to pain,
And hope has enwreathed it round with
flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the
poles,

Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to
stay ;

But, though 'twere the last little spark in our
souls,

We must light it up now, on our Prince's
Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you dis-
loyal !

Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you
are true ;

And the tribute most high to a head that is
royal,

Is love from a heart that loves liberty too

While cowards, who blight

Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle
array, -

The standard of green

In front would be seen—

Oh! my life on your faith! were you
summon'd this minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's
Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is
recorded

In hearts which have suffer'd too much to
forget :

And hope shall be crown'd and attachment
rewarded,

And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray,

Each fragment will cast

A light to the last,—

And thus Erin, my country, though broken
thou art,

There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will
decay ;

A spirit which beams through each suffering
part,

And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's
Day.



WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name ;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
Where rest at length the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave ?

“ ’Twas fate,” they’ll say, “ a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove ;
And, while your tyrants join’d in hate,
You never join’d in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God hath given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven.”



LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.

Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

*I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL
PRIME.*

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary !
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary !
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere,
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary ;
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary ! *

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "*Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !*"



*BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY
SHORE.**

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,†
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Women ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah ! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue !

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power if fond she be :
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat ;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah ! your Saints have cruel hearts !
Sternly from his bed he starts,

And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough ! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !
Soon the Saint (yet ah ! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, " Heaven rest her soul ; "
Round the lake light music stole ;
Aud her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide !



SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young
hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and
weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native
plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her
strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he
died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be
dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams
rest

When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from
the West,

From her own lovèd island of sorrow.



NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul ;
 The spell of those eyes,
 The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my
 bowl.

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;

He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds

That drank of the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade ;

While those which the tide

Of ruby had dyed

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet
maid !

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal

One blissful dream of the heart from me ;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee.



AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of
Erin *

On him whom the brave sons of Usna
betray'd—

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep
o'er her blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri; or, the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The Death of the Children of Touran,' 'The Death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Denans), and this 'the Death of

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark
dwelling,*

When Ulad's † three champions lay sleeping
in gore—

By the billows of war, which so often, high
swelling,

Have wafted these heroes to victory's
shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be
tasted,

The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,

the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." At the commencement of these Melodies will also be found a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear, or Lir; "Silent, O Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

* "O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—Deirdri's Song.

† Ulster.

Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie
wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's
head !

Yes, monarch ! though sweet are our home
recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from ten-
derness fall ;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes,
our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !



WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE
FLOWERET.

He.

WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.

But, they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.

Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they
may.



LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

“HERE we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o’er our orisons bend ;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of
flowers

To heaven in mingled odour ascend.

Do not disturb our calm, O Love !

So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

Love stood near the Novice and listen’d,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety
glisten’d ;

His rosy wing turn’d to heaven’s own tint.

“Who would have thought,” the urchin
cries,

“That Love could so well, so gravely dis-
guise

His wandering wings and wounding eyes ? ”

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise,
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his
sighs.

Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such
a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.



*THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED WITH
PLEASURES AND WOES.*

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and
woes,

'That chase one another like waves of the
deep—

Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,

Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or
weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,

That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can
be dried ;

And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,

The goose-plumage of folly can turn it
aside.

But pledge me the cup—if existence would
cloy,

With hearts ever happy, and heads ever
wise,

Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to
Joy,
And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and
dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the
fount,
Through fields full of light, with heart full
of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and
mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on
the way.*
Thus many, like me, who in youth should
have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's
shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin
have wasted
And left their light urns all as empty as
mine.

* "Proposito florem prætulit officio."—Propert.,
lib. i. eleg. 20.

But pledge me the goblet—while idleness
weaves

These flowerets together, should Wisdom
but see

One bright drop or two that has fallen on the
leaves

From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient
for me.



O THE SHAMROCK !

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd ;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass *
Shoots up, with dew-drop streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-leaved grass, in her hand."

O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning !"—

Says Love, " No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."

But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, " Oh ! do not sever

A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"

O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather !
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom !
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !



AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are
weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone
warm in thine eye ;
And I think oft if spirits can steal from the
regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt
come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in
the sky !

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such
pleasure to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed, like
one, on the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my
sad orison rolls,

I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice from the
Kingdom of Souls,*

Faintly answering still the notes that once
were so dear.

* “ There are countries,” says Montaigne, “ where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty in delightful fields ; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo.”



ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !

But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay
hours—

Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.

You saw how he finish'd, by darting,
His beam o'er a deep billows brim,
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory, like him.

And oh ! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up ;
'Twas born in the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?



THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,*
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
Then awake !—the heavens look bright, my
 dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my
 dear.

* "Steals silently to Morna's grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life has been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star,
 More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.



THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“Land of song !” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !”

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the brave and
free,
They shall never sound in slavery !”

(16) E

*THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE
OF BREFFNI.**

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind ;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran :—" The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchab too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead ;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only !
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When Breffni's good sword would have
sought

monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark,
while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained
the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him
in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle
nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world
(for the most part) do happen and come, as may
appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction
of Troy."

That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought* !
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame !
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward !—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt.



*OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE
ISLE OF OUR OWN.*

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming
 bowers,

And the bee banquets on through a whole year
of flowers ;

 Where the sun loves to pause

 With so fond a delay,

 That the night only draws

 A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we
live,

Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can
give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the
clime,

We should love as they loved in the first
golden time ;

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all
summer there.

With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the
night.



*FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU
WELCOME THE HOUR.*

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the
hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your
bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed
it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with
you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may re-
main
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway
of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that
threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering
with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure
fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each
cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or
bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that
night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your
wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your
smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay
cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he
were here !"

Let Fate do her worst ; there are relics of
joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and
care,

And bring back the features that joy used to
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
fill'd !

Like the vase, in which roses have once been
distill'd—

You may break, you may shatter the vase if
you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.



OH ! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH ! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.



*YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.**

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his
 bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains ;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

“To-night,” said the youth, “we’ll shelter
there,

The wind blows cold, and the hour is late : ”
So he blew the horn with a chieftain’s air,
And the porter bow’d as they pass’d the gate.

‘Now, welcome, lady,” exclaim’d the youth,
“This castle is thine, and these dark woods
all !”

She believed him crazed, but his words were
truth,

For Ellen is lady of Rosna Hall !
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo’d and wed ;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.



I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too ;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert like them untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so
bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.



COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.
Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou
art not.

Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the Sea
Made for the Free,

Land for courts and chains alone ?

Here we are slaves,

But, on the waves,

Love and liberty's all our own.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,

All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—

Then come o'er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows ;

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where'er it goes.



*HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS
SHADED.*

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear,

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like a Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?

* Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,*
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has hope been that bird to thee ?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself look'd bright ;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light ;

* “ The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it ; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again,” &c.—Arabian Nights, Story of Kumniir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear :—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.



NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathèd
shell—

Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell !—
'Twas whisper'd balm — 'twas sunshine
spoken.—

I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lips such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver ! go,—

The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story ;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has
shed
No lights of age adorn thee :
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreathes it ;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet
When even those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever ;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made
thee.



WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was
keeping

Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,

For hers was the story that blotted the leaves,
But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew
bright,

When, after whole pages of sorrow and
shame,

She saw History write

With a pencil of light

That illumined the whole volume, her Wellington's name !

“Hail, Star of my Isle !” said the Spirit, all
sparkling

With beams such as break from her own
dewy skies—

“Through ages of sorrow, deserted and dark-
ling,

I’ve watch’d for some glory like thine to
arise.

For though Heroes I’ve number’d, unblest was
their lot,

And unhallow’d they sleep in the cross-ways of
Fame ;—

But oh ! there is not

One dishonouring blot

On the wreath that encircles my Wellington’s
name !

“ Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet
known ;

Though proud was thy task, other nations un-
chaining,

Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy
own,

At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou
hast stood,

Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy
fame—

And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's
name ! ”



THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite*
 Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long

Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power ; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun, but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, " O'Donnell "), has given a very different account of that goblin.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall.



COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken
deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home
is still here :
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-
cast,
And a heart and a hand all thine own to the
last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the
same
Through joy and through torment, through
glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that
heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou
art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of
bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of
this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there
too.



'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw
breaking,

Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the
dead—

When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere
it fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its
burning

But deepen the long night of bondage and
mourning,

That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is return-
ing,

And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were
darting

Around thee through all the gross clouds of
the world,

When Truth, from her fetters indignantly
starting,

At once like a Sun-burst* her banner
unfurl'd.

Oh! never shall earth see a moment so
splendid—

Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance
blended

The tongues of all nations—how sweet had
ascended

The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But shame on those tyrants who envied the
blessing!

And shame on the light race unworthy its
good,

Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies
caressing

The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in
blood!

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given
by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's
derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and
Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.



I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was
shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was
declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were
gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have
known ;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs
from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore
alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our
night :—

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness
of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's
best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's
returning,
When passion first waked a new life through
his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious
in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite
flame !



FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair !

Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,

Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions :—

So we, Sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit ?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us ;

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh, his joy ! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us ;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.



DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I
found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
long,*
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound
thee,

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line :—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a "celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks."—See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's "Reliques of Irish Poetry."

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom,
and song !

The warm lay of love and the light note of
gladness

Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of
sadness,

That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee
still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy
numbers,

This sweet wreath of song is the last we
shall twine.

Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy
slumbers,

Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy
than mine :

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,

Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;

I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,

And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy
own.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

JOYS that pass away like this,
Alas ! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is follow'd by a tear.
Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well !
Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell.
Oh ! I ne'er can love again
The girl, whose faithless art,
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone,
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas ! is gone.
Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well !
How I've loved my hate shall tell.

Oh ! how lorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate.



THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling evening showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn.
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining billow,
My love will come to me.

From Eastern isles, she wingeth
Through watery wiles her way,
And on her cheek she bringeth
The bright sun's orient ray !
Oh ! come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm,
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are bless'd with endless light ;
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, O May ! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before,
Let sighs from roses meet her,
When she comes near our shore.



A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear
O'er hills and dales of snow
Nor told my fleet reindeer
The way I wish'd to go ;
But, quick he bounded forth,
For well my reindeer knew,
I've but one path on earth,
That path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast,
How soon the heart forgets,
When summer brings at last
Her sun that never sets ;
So dawn'd my love for you,
And chasing every pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh ! who would
not fly ?

For one day of Freedom, oh ! who would not
die ?

Hark, hark ! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the
brave,

The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the
slave.

Our country lies bleeding, oh ! fly to her
aid,

One arm that defends is worth hosts that in-
vade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope
remains,

The dead fear no tyrants ; the grave has no
chains.

On, on to the combat ! the heroes that
bleed

For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed !

And oh ! even if Freedom from this world be
driven,

Despair not—at least we shall find her in
heaven !



OH, YES!—SO WELL, SO TENDERLY.

OH, yes!—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me ;
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blisses pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.

Without thy smile how joylessly,
All Glory's meeds I see !
And even the wreath of victory,
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds for which the conqueror sighs,
For me have now no charms ;
My only world those radiant eyes,
My throne those circling arms.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

Love thee, dearest, love thee !
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which, through tears, above me
Shines so sadly fair,
Though too oft dim
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine ;
And love thee, dearest, love thee !
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee !
No—that star is not more true ;
When my vows deceive thee
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine !
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee !
No—till death I'm thine.

OH, YES! WHEN THE BLOOM.

OH, yes! when the bloom of love's boyhood
is o'er,

He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay,
And though time may take from him the
wings he once wore,

The charms that remain will be bright as
before,

And he'll lose but his young trick of flying
away.

Then let it console thee, if love should not stay,
That friendship our last happy moments shall
crown,

Like the shadows of morning, love lessens away,
While friendship, like those at the closing of
day,

Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes
down.

OH ! REMEMBER THE TIME.

OH ! remember the time in La Mancha's
shades,

When our moments so blissfully flew ;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian
maids,

And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
And to dance to the light Castanet :
Oh ! never, dear youth, let you roam where
you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me you lovers from Erin's green
isle,

Every hour a new passion can feel ;
And that soon in the light of some lovelier
smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.

But, they know not how brave in the battle
you are,
Or they never could think you would
rove ;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in
war,
That is fondest and truest in love.



LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the Harp when the combat is
over,

When heroes are resting, and Joy is in
bloom ;

When laurels hang loose from the brow of the
lover,

And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's
plume.

But when the foe returns,

Again the hero burns,

High flames the sword in his hand once
more ;

The clang of mingling arms,

Is then the sound that charms,

And brazen notes of war, by thousand trum-
pets sung,

Oh ! then comes the Harp, when the combat
is over,

When heroes are resting, and Joy is in
bloom ;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the
lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's
plume.

Light went the Harp, when the War-God
reclining
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to
rest ;
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung
twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet
their rest.

But when the battle came
The hero's eye breathed flame ,
Soon from his neck the white arm was
flung ;
While to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear,
But the brazen notes of war, by thousand
trumpets sung.

But then came the light Harp, when danger
was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God
to rest ;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay
blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet
their rest.



COULDST THOU LOOK AS DEAR.

COULDST thou look as dear, as when

First I sigh'd for thee,

Couldst thou make me feel again

Every wish I breathed thee then,

Oh, how blissful life would be !

Hopes that now beguiling leave me,

Joys that lie in slumber cold,

All would wake, couldst thou but give
me

One dear smile like those of old.

Oh ! there's nothing left us now

But to mourn the past :—

Vain was every ardent vow,

Never yet did Heaven allow

Love so warm, so wild, to last.

Not even Hope could now deceive me,
Life itself looks dark and cold ;
Oh ! thou never more canst give me,
One dear smile like those of old.



OH ! SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all my weeping love could say,
Was—"Oh ! soon return !"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown ;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone.
Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say—
"Oh ! soon return !"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts a moment turn'd from thee
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.

But, though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power might not appear,
He gave to Glory's brow the charm
That made e'en danger dear.
And when the Victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more—
“Oh ! soon return !”



LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us,
Youth may wither, but feeling will last :
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall
cast.

Oh ! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er ;
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling will last ;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall
cast.

Rest, dear bosom ! no sorrow shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;

Beam, bright eyelid ! no weeping shall stain
thee,

Tears of rapture alone thou shalt feel.

Oh ! if there be a charm

In love to banish harm ;

If pleasure's truest spell

Be to love well,

Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling will last ;

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,

Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall
cast.



WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turn'd most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine.
But, when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem ;
(16)

But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free,
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.



WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dew's are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too on that orb so dear,
Ah, dost thou gaze at even ;
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven ?
There's not a garden-walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here
May turn to smiles in heaven.



THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose which I gave thee, so dewy
and bright,
Was the floweret most dear to the sweet bird
of night,
Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes
hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he
sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her
life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from
thee :
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall
thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting
her still.

Duet.*LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH
THEE.**He.*

LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee,
On thy cheek his bed I see.

She.

No, that cheek is pale with care—
Love can find no roses there.

Both.

'Tis not on the bed of rose,
Love can find the best repose :
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

He.

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.

She.

No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him.

Both.

Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes,
Love for ever warmest lies ;
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.



THE SONG OF WAR.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,

Till not one hateful link remains,

Of slavery's lingering chains,

Till not one tyrant treads our plains,

Nor traitor-lip pollute our fountains,

No, never till that glorious day

Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,

Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay

Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,

Till Victory's self shall smiling say,

"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,

And freedom comes with new-born ray,

To gild your vines and light your fountains !"

Oh ! never till that glorious day,
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, O peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.



HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much
And the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch,—
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreath them ?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them ?
Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch,
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,
Time that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.

Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her,
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer !
Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch,
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !



A MELOLOGUE

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste, and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them, if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using “the outlandish term Monopoly.” But the truth is, having written the

Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least, 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue" I mean that mixture of recitation and music which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad, in the *Athalie* of Racine.

T. M.



MELOLOGUE
UPON
NATIONAL MUSIC.



INTRODUCTORY MUSIC—*Haydn.*



THERE breathes the language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone,
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt
That language of the soul is felt and
known.
From those meridian plains,
(Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet
pow'r,
That when she heard the lonely lay,

Not worlds could keep her from his arms
away *)

To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of
snow,

As blithe as if the blessèd light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.

O Music ! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same !
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm
presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

* A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried, " For God's sake, sir, let me go ; for that pipe which you hear in yonder tower calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons ; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife and he my husband."—Garcilasso de la Vega, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

GREEK AIR.

LIST ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Ilissus' silvery springs
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful
urn ;
And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past
revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can
return ;
When Athens nursed her olive bough
With hands, by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPET.

HARK ! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears !
Oh ! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that call she
hears,
And though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fervour at the sound !
See ! from his native hills afar,
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights ;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever !
O Music ! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous
power.

There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard when shepherds homeward pipe their
flocks :

Oh ! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around
his knees

The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like
these ?

Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen
roar,
Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he
hears,
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood
before,
Now melting mournful lose themselves in
tears !

SWISS AIR.

BUT wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men !

O War ! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring
storm,

'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And like heaven's lightning sacredly de-
stroys !

Nor, Music ! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear

Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty !

SPANISH AIR.

HARK ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Boasts the bold enthusiast strain,

Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's
glory!

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's
right—

What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded;
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
O Erin! thine!

IRISH AIR.—*Gramachree.*

SACRED SONGS

SACRED SONGS.



THOU ART, O GOD.

AIR—*Unknown*.^{*}

“The day is Thine, the night also is Thine : Thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : Thou hast made summer and winter.”—PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.



I.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee,
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, “ I do confess thou’rt smooth and fair.”

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven ;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

*THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING
SHOW.*

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven !

II.

And false the light on glory's plume.
As fading hues of even ;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven !



*FALL'N IS THY THRONE.**AIR—Martini.*

I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel !
Silence is o'er thy plains ;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from Heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord ! Thou didst love Jerusalem ;—
Once, she was all Thy own ;

Her love Thy fairest heritage,*
Her power Thy glory's throne,†
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;‡
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma;—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness §
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as god!

* "I have left mine heritage: I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—Jer. xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of Thy glory."—Jer. xiv. 21.

‡ "The Lord called thy name, A green olive-tree, fair, and of goodly fruit," &c.—Jer. xi. 16.

§ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—Jer. xvii. 6.

IV.

“Go,”—said the Lord—“ye conquerors !
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,*
For they are not the Lord’s !
Till Zion’s mournful daughter
O’er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom’s vale of slaughter †
Shall hide but half her dead !”

* “Take away her battlements ; for they are not the Lord’s.”—Jer. v. 10.

† “Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter ; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place.”—Jer. vii. 32.



WHO IS THE MAID ? *

AIR—*Beethoven.*

I.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks ?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light ?
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love ;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

* These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the Matron Paula — " Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio ? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata." — Epist. " Si tibi putem."

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
 As if themselves were things divine !
 No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast,
 That beats beneath a broider'd veil ;
 And she who comes in glittering vest
 To mourn her frailty, still is frail.*

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
 And love, because its bloom is gone ;
 The glory in those sainted eyes
 Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
 And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
 So touching as that form's decay,
 Which, like the altar's trembling light,
 In holy lustre wastes away !

* Οὐ γὰρ χρυσοφορεῖν τὴν δακρύνουσαν δεῖ.—
 Chrysost., Homil. 8, in Epist. ad Tim.

*THE BIRD LET LOOSE.**AIR—Beethoven.*

I.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,*
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,

* The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee !
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings !



O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE
MOURNER'S TEAR!

AIR—*Haydn.*

“ He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds. —PSALM cxlvii. 3.

I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown:
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !



*WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.**AIR—Avison.*

I.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our
eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for
the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had
stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its
course,
And but sleeps, till the sunshine of heaven has
unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was its
source !

Weep not for those whom the veil of the
tomb

In life's happy morning hath hid from our
eyes,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for
the skies.

II

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the
vale,*

Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now ;

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne Church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever a few weeks after. The sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium, she sang several hymns in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly "There's nothing bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale
And the garland of love was yet fresh on
her brow ;
Oh ! then was her moment, dear spirit, for
flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom
was unknown ;—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly
in dying,
' Were echo'd in heaven by lips like her own !
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she
flew
To that land where the wings of the soul
are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold
dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this
world.



*THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT
SHRINE.*

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord ! that arch of Thine :
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.*

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee !

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like Thy Throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

* Pii orant tacite.

IV.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

V.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through !

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity !

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

*AIR—Avison.**

“ And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.”—
EXOD. xv. 20.

I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea !

Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave,

* I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

II.

Praise to our Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, His breath was our
sword!—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride?

For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of
glory,*

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

* “And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.”—Exod. xiv. 24.

*GO, LET ME WEEP.**AIR—Stevenson.*

I.

Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;
While tears, that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalament reach the skies,
Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering strain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,

And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well !
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.



*COME NOT, O LORD !**AIR—Haydn.*

I.

COME not, O Lord ! in the dread robe of
splendour

Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of
Thine ire ;

Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful,
but tender,

Which Mercy flings over Thy features of
fire !

II.

Lord ! Thou rememberest the night, when
Thy nation*

* “ And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel : and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these.”—Exod. xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling
stream ;
On Egypt* thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold
Thee,
From us, in Thy mercy, the dark side remove ;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold
Thee,
Oh ! turn upon us the mild light of Thy
love !

* Instead of " On Egypt " here, it will suit the music better to sing " On these ; " and in the third line of the next verse, " While shrouded " may, with the same view, be altered to " While wrapped."



WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S
TEARS.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfume pour'd;

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,

Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone !

IV.

Were not these sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

V.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh ! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
“Love much,” *—and be forgiven !

* Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much.”—St. Luke vii. 47.



*AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS
RETREATS.*

AIR—Haydn.

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can
see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee ;
My God ! silent to Thee ;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.—
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee !

II.

As still, to the Star of its Worship, though
clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
Thee ;

My God ! trembling to Thee ;

True, fond, trembling to Thee !—

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee !



*BUT WHO SHALL SEE.**AIR—Stevenson.*

I.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away,
Which hides the nations now ?*
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie ; †
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye ! ‡

* "And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—Isaiah xxv. 7.

† "The rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth."—Isaiah xxv. 8.

‡ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.

II.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn,
Beneath the heathen's chain ;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.*
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd,
In peace, by all who come,†
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home !

* "And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. xxi. 5.

† "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.



A L M I G H T Y G O D.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

AIR—*Mozart.*

I.

ALMIGHTY God ! when round Thy shrine
The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,*
(Emblem of life's eternal ray,
And love that "fadeth not away") :—
We bless the flowers, expanded all,†
We bless the leaves that never fall,

* "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel."—Observations on the Palm as a Sacred Emblem, by W. Tighe.

† "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims and palm-trees and open flowers."—1 Kings vi. 29.

And trembling say,—“In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us !”

II.

When round Thy cherubs, smiling calm
Without their flames,* we wreathe the palm,
O God ! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy mercy is eternal too !
Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above,—
Eternal Life and Peace and Love !

* “When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the Mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames ; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed His gracious covenant to redeem mankind.”—Observations on the Palm.



O FAIR!—O PUREST.

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

AIR—*Moore.*

I.

O FAIR ! O purest ! be thou the dove,
That flies alone to some sunny grove ;
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear

* In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which the reader will perceive the thought of this song was taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam volo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare vivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes," &c. &c.—De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.

Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh ! be like this dove.

O fair ! O purest ! be like this dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own Book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study heaven's reflected ray :—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between heaven and thee, and trembling fly !

Oh ! be like the dove ;

O fair ! O purest ! be like the dove.



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